

when she saw a man walking along the road: she thought she would try once more, so she asked him the same question, "where Narraput Christian lived, the man who would lead her to Jesus?" To her great joy, he pointed her to the house, and when she reached it, she met Narraput himself coming out at the door. She fell at his feet in tears, and wringing her hands in anguish, she asked, "Are you Narraput Christian, the man who can lead me to Jesus? Oh! take me to Him: I shall die, and what shall I do if I die without obtaining salvation?" Narraput did not receive her as the Hindoo priest had done; he raised her kindly from the ground, and led her into the house, where his family were met at their evening meal. "My dear young friend," he said, "sit down and tell me all." She told him her history, and as soon as she had done, she rose and said, "Now, Sir, take me to Jesus. You know where He is. Oh! take me to Him." Ah! if Jesus had been on earth, how willingly would He have received the poor wanderer. she thought He was on earth, and that she might go to Him at once; but Narraput knew that though He was not here, He was just as able to pity and welcome her from His mercy-throne in Heaven; so he only said, "Let us pray." All knelt down, and as he prayed, the poor Hindoo girl felt that she had found that which she had so long wanted.

The next day, Narraput took her to a mission-house and placed her under the care of the Missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Gogery. In six months she was baptized by the name of Mary, after her who washed the feet of Jesus with her tears. Her mind was at peace, her health returned, and she still lives, adorning by her example and conversation, the gospel of God our Saviour.

Missionary Intelligence.

BOMBAY.

More news of Shreeput Sheshadri.

You all-recollect the case of Shreeput, the little Brahman who was taken from the Missionaries at Bombay, by his father, because he wished to become a Christian as his